I. Silentium (Gain or loss is a matter of chance)

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I. Silentium (Gain or loss is a matter of chance)

by satans_dolly_boy666

Summary

I'm rewatching Hannibal because I'm a masochist. Listening to Requiem Mass in D minor - Lacrimosa and Hannibal Medley
I felt inspired to write a one short (too short.)

Notes

Ignore grammatical errors.

His eyes are attentive to every step his prey is performing; he carefully analyses every detail of the creature. When he finally gets it in his hands, the most awaited moment has arrived.

It is beautiful, he thinks.

The creature is frightened and when its eyes see his own, it knows the end has come. The huntsman takes every second carefully, watching as the poor creature ceases to breathe.

When it does, the silence becomes evident and he feels he is genuinely living.

The creature is already at peace, and his mind shouts back, *"It's time to hunt again."*

Life is a mystery, but so is death. No one knows the origin of the humankind or what is left once we die. But that does not matter; Dr Lecter understands life and death in his own way.

Life is monotonous, he believes, almost boring; society built a vicious circle of routine and consumption. You wake up and in a blink of an eye, you are getting ready to sleep once again. Then, the doctor asks, what does one do so as not to get bored?, how to take control of our lives when we are already programmed to be human robots?

Hannibal finds his answer and he tries to keep his mind busy by cooking; a hobby that is both harmless and healthy.

Just like a hunter, his first victim is beautiful, small and delicate; an innocent little girl, his own younger sister. That night, he ate until he was satisfied, giving every flavour to his mouth.

Guilt is not a word found in his dictionary, there is only guilt for not letting out all the impulses.

It is curious how humans can find pleasure even in the forbidden. There are people who take pleasure in feeling the sunlight on their faces, the wind brushing their hair or the seawater flowing through their feet.

Hannibal feels pleasure consuming his victims.

He has as a motto to live life in his own way, even if it means taking the lives of others in

return. Then, he puts effort into hunting and cooking, ignoring the emptiness of his dull existence and allowing the feelings that produce the ends of each prey to flow.

Every creature has a story, but no one can tell their endings better than he can. Dr Lecter believes that it is a pity that their story endings are not told, so he decides to make art out of it; art tells something to the perspective of each individual, worthy of him and his sufferers.

Hannibal allows himself to relax once his artwork is created. He sighs and while he is alone at the fake so-called home, only with the silence that surrounds him.

Then, he smiles, because that same silence reminds him of the one left by the poor creatures in sorrow at the moment of their death.

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